

Work by Freckles_and_glasses

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Gangsters, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Awesome Babysitter Billy Hargrove, But they right their wrongs, Chief Of Police Steve Harrington, Established Relationship, Explicit Language, Famous Robber Billy Hargrove, M/M, Medical Billy Hargrove, Morning Person Billy Hargrove, Police Officer Steve Harrington, The kids are lil gangsters, Tired Steve Harrington

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

18 year olds Dusty, Luke, Mikey, Coyote, and Mad Max are all newbies in a gang and regret their choices immediatey. They seek refuge at the Chief of Police's house who convinced them to leave the gang and said he'd protect them. To their surprise someone else is there too...Billion Dollar Billy Hargrove?

Work

Author's Note:

More Relationships:
Lucas Sinclair/Max Mayfield
Mike Wheelers/Will Byers

And they're like, in California or somethin

Lil bit of Explicit (Sexual) Content. Its brief and out of shock and I specifically changed their ages so it wouldnt be underage and creepy.

It's 2 am and Dusty Dig's watch is cracked. Ahem, uh, *Dustin Henderson*. Dusty Dig is a nickname other gang members gave him.

Dustin looks around the corner and holds his chest.

Lucas "Luke Cage" Sinclair is behind him with Will "Wile E Coyote" Byers.

Their supposed to meet Mike "Mickey" Wheeler by the doors with Max "Mad Max" Mayfield but there's been some complications like Mike getting caught and Max's arm getting shot.

Dustin had to bring Lucas back to earth from killing his best friend for getting his girlfriend hurt.

"I told you I should have gotten Coy, while Lucas got Max." Mike hissed through the phone. Will blushes a bit but no one mentions it.

"It's wrong to be picking favourites and you were closer to her!" Dustin almost yells. He hangs up and runs for the exit.

They get caught at the door, of course. Dustin is grabbed and Lucas goes to fight, shouting at Will to go through the window. When Dustin and Lucas are free, they head to the broken window with blood and keep running when they're out.

Outside a Seven Eleven, Mike makes a call while Lucas wraps a scarf

around Max's bleeding arm. Dustin wraps a piece of his shirt around Wilk's cut leg which caught on some glass on the way out the window. Dustin ignores the two stab wounds he got earlier.

"She's coming." Mike confirms coming back around to the shaded side of the building.

And she does. Jane Hopper, a friend of Mike's and a police officer in training. Just like her dad who's a police sergeant.

Jane has a truck with three seats on the front and three seats in the back. She has a picture clipped at the mirror of her older sister - a criminal in action. Jane's 18. Same age as them.

"Wheeler." Jane calls as she opens the front door from her seat.

"Thanks Hopper." Max says as she's secured between Lucas and Dustin.

"Please. My dad is Hopper. Call me Jane."

"Nice to meet you." Will smiles at Jane as he sits beside her. Mike against the door.

Jane smiles and turns her focus to the road and starts driving.

"Who the fuck is here at 3 fuckin' AM, Harrington?" An angry, groggy voice barks from inside of the house.

Jane and the others listen as stomps come closer to the door. Lights turn on. The door opens.

"Hopper?" A different voice this time. The squinting, baggy eyed, confused, tired Chief of Policeman questions. He hugs his rob tighter around him and he looks at all of them. He recognizes them, and his favourite, "Henderson."

"Steve, sir." Dustin stares, smile straining, before collapsing.

Jane screams and Lucas, Will and Mike are pulling Dustin up.

Steve opens the door and takes hold of Dustin's body and brings him inside.

"Not the fucking couch," grunts out a man from another room.

Max sits on the floor in the kitchen, feeling dizzy.

Everyone else surrounds Dustin who lays on the kitchen table, Jane finds blood and traces it back to the stab wounds.

"Would you get the kit upst-" Steve starts. He's talking to the man in the other room. But is interrupted by his reply, "*Fuck* no."

"You lazy ass motherfucker." Steve grumbles. He tells the kids to put pressure on the wounds and runs towards the stairs.

It's a little crazy when Steve returns. Lucas is talking loudly to Max, putting a bag of frozen peas against her head. Will and Mike are yelling at Dustin to wake up. Jane is cleaning the wounds.

Steve stands beside Dustin and opens the kit. He's about to grab some bandages when they are all abruptly interrupted by a loud shout and the man entering the kitchen, "Shut all your goddamn loud jesus fucking rude ass mouths! It is 3 *fucking* AM."

Needless to say, everyone just about shit their pants at this. Even more so, it wakes up *Dustin*.

"Billion Dollar Billy Hargrove." Dustin croaks.

"And you're about to be the first person I kill if you plan on screaming all goddamn night." Billy's nostrils flare as he glares at everyone.

The kids take this time to express their confusion.

"What is he doing here?"

"Does he live here?"

"Does he know Steve?"

"Are they friends?"

"Maybe Steve's his parole officer?"

The questions are all drowned out by Steve sighing with a, "Go back up-stairs, Hargrove."

"Don't fuckin patronize me, Harrington. Bringin' in all these strays, fuck."

"Billy, please."

"Fine. I can go. Not that you noticed that, that chick over there is only leaking through one side of her arm - the bullet hasn't *come out* yet. *Harrington*." Billy glares at Steve while the boys question how he knew she was shot. Billy answers wordlessly by pointing to himself.
Billion Dollar Billy Hargrove

"And that, that kid could use a soda or some goddamn tea. His leg isn't wrapped tight enough and *then* you're gunna have at least 4 dead bodies tonight, Mr Police Chief- "

"-Godammit Billy- "

"-because I'm going to *kill myself* over how *stupid* you are."

"I get it. I'm stupid. Help me now."

"Just call the fuckin cops man." Billy rolls his eyes. "An ambulance."

"I *am* the cops. And I can't move these guys anywhere when they might be threatened outside this house. Help. Me."

"What was that, princess?"

"Billy."

"I don't hear a goddamn *please*, Harrington."

"*Please* fucking help me with these kids!"

Billy drags Max and Will away, with Mike following.

Mike watches Billy work and it's fascinating because all his techniques are so ghetto and don't seem to work - but they do. The bullet in Max's arm is out within minutes and Billy sticks a popsicle in her mouth before she screams.

Will's enjoying an orange popsicle, waiting patiently on a love seat, avoiding Mike's worried stare.

Billy stands from the dark U shaped sectional couch, Max leaning on a throw pillow, and Billy throws the bullet down on the ground like a touch down and yells, almost naturally, "fuck you Harrington!"

"Fuck you, Hargrove." Steve replies from the kitchen.

Billy turns defensively, "no. Fuck *YOU* Harrington."

"FUCK YOU"

"**NO- FUUCK YOOUUU!**"

"*FUCK YOU BILLY!*"

Billy then sits down, suddenly calm, a small nice smile on his face.

"Scoot over here, bowl-cut." Will obliges.

Then Billy starts tearing Will's pants up, on his legs. Will's thrown off a bit but that's fine. The man's gotta get to the cut somehow.

But then Mike's screaming. And Will feels Mike's hands on and covering protectively...*him*. Like - the little him.

"What the fuck man!" Mike screeches. "You don't have to strip him, you fucking animal!"

"Uh. Yes I do." Billy says bored. He reaches over the coffee table to his smokes and lets these two little boys figure out themselves and their blushing cheeks. "I could ask him to take them off normally, like he's getting changed for bed, but that might hurt him more."

"Mike." Will says. "Let the dude patch me up. C'mon. I'll be fine."

"N-"

"Chill, little man." Billy flicks the bud onto Steve's fancy table. "I won't touch your boyfriend more than I have to. I'm not a fuckin' pervert."

"You-" Mike squeaks.

Billy gets the thread and baby wipes ready.

"You done yet, asshole?" Billy enters the kitchen.

"Just about." Steve says distractedly. There's blood on his forehead.

"3 fucking 0, man. You can't even catch up." Billy leans against the wall.

Jane pipes in, "3 to 1, actually. Steve's cheered me up by telling jokes."

Steve looks up suddenly. "Those weren't jokes. Those were past traumatic incidents."

Billy laughs and hands Lucas a popsicle. "3 to 2. You cheered *me* up with that shit.'

Steve finishes up with Dustin, Billy helps him to the living room, and cleans everything up and joins them.

Steve freezes.

Mike and Will are sleeping on one of the long cushions of the sectional. Max lays long the middle. Lucas sleeps on the other cushion of the couch. Dustin is sleeping on the loveseat. Jane is in the washroom.

Billy looks up from his phone on the floor. "Hey."

"Hey." Steve runs a hand through his hair and sits with him.

Steve opens his mouth to talk when Billy shushes him. "Tomorrow."

Steve's eyes are closed before Jane is out of the washroom.

Steve wakes up on the loveseat and watches as Max, Jane, Dustin, Will, Lucas and Mike are all sitting on the sectional eating different breakfasts and watching tv.

"You done?" Steve yells to the kitchen.

"Yeah I'll be right there." Billy replies.

Dustin looks to Steve. "So, Harrington...why is Billion Dollar Billy here and how-"

Dustin interrupts himself when Billy had entered the room and kisses Steve on the mouth.

"Ooohhhh..." is collected from everyone.

"Sorry babe." Steve has temporarily forgotten about the kids. "About everything. Last night was a disaster."

"Don't worry about it, you hungry, princess?"

"Yes. But I'm still sorry, I know you need your beauty rest-" Steve frowns.

"I can go without for one night. I'm pretty fuckin hot as it is, yeah?"

"Absolutely."

"Ste-" Mike tried to say to try and understand, but they kiss again.

"You taste like bacon."

Hours later, outside the police station, moms are waiting for their 18 year old children and the two have to say goodbye.

"You'll be okay?" Billy demands gruffly. His hands in his pockets, a cap on his head. He looks to the side and then down and then at the

girl.

"Yes, Billy." Max hides her smile. "Mike's just too cautious. Didn't ride with my flow. I'll stick with Lucas."

"Not in gang crap."

"Not in gang crap." Max confirms. "And I'll message you or some shit."

"That's what technology and the internet and your phone is for." Billy says. He pushed her shoulder a bit. "Try not to get shot again."

"You too."

"My number, Billy's number, Jane's number. You've got resources, kid. Use em." Steve shoves the paper onto Dustin's chest.

"Yes, sir."

"I know your mom, Henderson. She's a lovely woman."

"She really is."

"Yeah she is. Go say sorry to her and then go to fuckin university kid, you're too smart for this crap." Steve says.

Dustin gives him a tooth grin and nods.

"Thank you."

"Hopper." Everyone is gone and Billy and Steve are going to Steve's car.

Jim Hopper and Jane Hopper both turn around when the criminal calls.

Mid-getting-inside-car, Jane jumps out and runs to Billy. "Yeah?"

Billy looks to the side a bit and takes out an envelope from him jacket. "S'for you."

Jane takes it and eyes the envelope. "Thanks."

"One of my girl friends wanted me to pass it to you. Didn't want you to worry, I think."

"Criminal girl friends?" Jane asks, eyes not glancing up.

"Yeah."

If Billy hears Jane mumble a familar name starting with the letter *K*, he doesn't mention it.

"See ya around."

"See ya around."

Steve drives. As usual. (Billy doesn't seem to know how to drive anything under **Way Past The Speed Limit**) (Billy's also just used to stealing a billion dollars everytime he's in a car).

They get home and wrap their arms around eachother as they fall in bed.

"Ah! Badge!" When something sharp pokes Billy in the shoulder.

"Why were you carrying your knife-?" When Steve's taking off Billy's sweater and the damn thing falls out onto the bed.

"To protect the kids!"

When they are peacefully tangled and cuddling and have decided not to engage in sexual activity because they need at least a whole week of sleep to gain back yesterday. Billy's face is lost in Steve's hair and Steve can feel Billy's engagement ring hard against his bare hip. Billy hums.

"When are you gunna accept Comissioner's position? You won't be in

the streets anymore and we can stop trying to adopt all these children with families. We can sleep all the time." Billy argues weakly.

"You're gunna destroy the city if I retire." Steve smiles. "I'll retire when you retire."